Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauory ſimiles, and art indeede the moſt comparatiue raſcallest ſweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely; and in the ſtreet too.

Prince. Thou didſt well: for Wiſedome cries out in the ſtreetes, and no man regardes it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgiue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I muſt giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prince. Where ſhall we take a Purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Purſe taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no ſinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poines.*

Poines. Now ſhall we know if Gads hill haue ſet a match: O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hall*. What ſayes Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſouldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the Diuell ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word
the diuell.

Prince. Elſe he had bin damnd for Coſening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by fo
clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Cante
ry with rich offrings, and traders riding to London wit
purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for y
ſelues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke
per to morrow night in Eaſtcheap; we may doe it as ſecu
ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full of crown
if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Falſ. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not,
hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falſ. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Falſ. Thers neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fello
ſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the bloud royall, if th
dareſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prince. Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

Falſ. Why thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art Kin

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I w
lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhal g

Falſ. Wel, God giue thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion, & him t
eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue, & wh
he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recre
tion ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the tim
want countenance: farewell, you ſhall find me in *Eaſtcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter ſpring, farewel Alhollowne ſumme

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with vs to mo
row. I haue a ieaſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alon
Falſtaffe, *Harney*, *Roſsill*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men tha
we haue already way-laid; your ſelfe and I, will not be there
and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them
cut this head from my ſhoulders.